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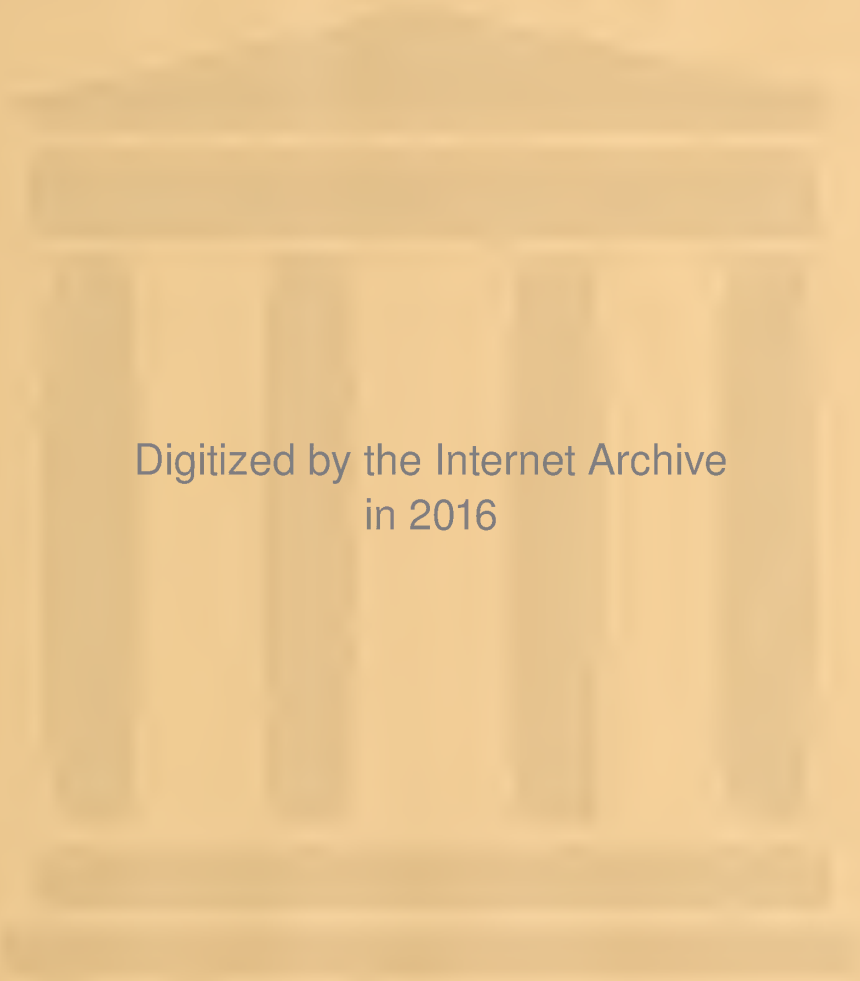
VOLUME 9-10



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THE LEHIGH BURR.

VOLUME 9.

1889-'90.



EDITORS.



Asa Emory Phillips, '90, Editor-in-Chief.

C. Herbert Miller, '90, Business Manager.

Edwin J. Prindle, '90, John S. Riegel, '90,
Walton Forstall, '91.

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Charles M. Hobbs, '92. 2

Charles W. Meade, '92.

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THE LEHIGH BURR,

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR, BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS:

ASA E. PHILLIPS, '90, *Editor-in-Chief.*

C. HERBERT MILLER, '90, *Business Manager.*

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ESPECIAL attention is directed to the announcement concerning the mid-winter, in door meeting of the Athletic Association, which is set for the first of March. The interest in this annual meeting has steadily declined of late, but this year we hope to see a reaction and something by way of a revival of the old spirited competition between the two lower classes; and a proposition to award a class trophy will doubtless have the desirable effect of stimulating enthusiasm. The Freshmen possess the advantage of superior numbers to choose from, which will go far to offset a year's experience, and their chances of success are excellent. Everything however depends upon their work during the next few weeks. To be sure the Sophomore class rarely fails to win the first place, but so little interest has thus far been manifested that the result is very doubtful.

IT is to be hoped the series of inter-class games in foot-ball and lacrosse, will not again be overlooked this year. They are of greater moment than the mere entertainment they afford, which is not inconsiderable and certainly should not be abandoned.

The silver cup that was given by Mr. Garrett Linderman, '87, and others, as a trophy of the inter-class championship in base-ball, has not been competed for since 1888, when the class of that year won it after an exciting series of games. The cup is now in Mr. Linderman's hands awaiting further competition, and we will say for the benefit of those who do not know, that it will become the property of the class winning it three successive seasons.

This generous gift has certainly not thus far been appreciated as it deserves, and should be an incentive to renewed interest in the inter-class games.

THAT time is fast approaching when the best interests of our athletics will absolutely demand an alumni advisory committee. Such a committee, made up of graduates enthusiastic in this direction, and empowered to act decisively in crises where the undergraduate body would be powerless, could not but be of incalculable benefit. That Princeton owes her last year's success to the decided step taken by the advisory committee of that institution, few fail to realize; that we also, perhaps, in the immediate future, may need, in some similar crisis where authoritative action is indispensable, the aid of such a body few also can refuse to admit. The officers of the Athletic Association should take immediate steps to draw up an appropriate constitution by which an advisory committee might be governed, and appointments to the same be made in due season.

IT cannot fail to be a source of satisfaction to all interested in the progress of the University, to learn of the success of Professors Robinson and Hyde in their administration of the classical department. The dominant influence of the Technical School so

completely overshadowed and dwarfed the Department of General Literature, that for many years it existed in little more than the name. Many influences tendered to check its growth not the least of which were excessive and unparalleled requirements in mathematics and other subjects. The impression did not lack confirmation that it was more difficult to obtain a degree in letters here than anywhere else, and the consequence was what might have been expected.

This is no longer the case. The courses have been modified to conform to the requirements in vogue elsewhere, and Lehigh now offers educational opportunities in these courses, as liberal and fully equal to those afforded at the majority of classical schools. As the impression that has so long operated to the detriment of this department by discouraging an accession of students, is dispelled we may expect to see growing numbers each year presenting themselves for matriculation, and the department finally assume the importance it deserves. Meanwhile our best wishes are with Professor Hyde and Professor Robinson in their earnest labors.

ON the eve of another Junior oratorical contest, it becomes our duty to utter a word of warning to the contestants for honors this month. For several years the Alumni have observed the gradual decline of interest in the oratorical contest with a feeling of dissatisfaction, more than once seriously debating the advisability of abandoning it altogether. And it is the general sentiment to do this unless a considerable improvement is manifested this year.

This single prize contest of the year is managed and maintained by the Alumni Association at a considerable expense, and it is just that it should be reasonably appreciated. To abandon it would be most unfortunate. It is the sole incentive offered the undergraduates of this institution to proficiency in composition and public speaking, and one with which

we can least afford to part. Meagre as the opportunity it affords for a display of excellence in two of the most important elements of a liberal education, and poorly as it has been recognized, its abandonment would mark a decided retrogression, greatly to be deplored.

COMPLAINT has justly been made that the various societies are in a deplorably unprosperous condition; that there is a prevailing sentiment of indifference toward the various organizations, which are supposed to lend tone and character to our college life. The old spirit and enthusiasm once animating the undergraduate body in these directions, seem utterly to have gone out; nothing is as it was, "the times are out of joint," and a dull apathy has crept into very many of our time honored institutions.

A few years ago class feeling was decidedly the dominant principle. The class was everything, and everything for the class. Then athletic rivalry grew out of this and there were exciting struggles for class supremacy in the sports, in foot-ball and in base-ball. Such was the spirit and energy infused into the men; faithful training followed naturally and record breaking became a common event. Material was developed out of which came brilliant successes in lacrosse and an eleven whose praises we are not yet done singing.

But all this has changed. With no intention of harping upon that familiar delusion of degeneracy, it must be generally admitted that the lower classes are not taking up the responsibilities of their positions with the old time zeal. It is not the lack of phenomenal athletes, of extraordinary personages of any sort, but it is the pernicious spirit of indifference universally manifested that threatens to undermine and destroy the ascendancy that has been gained in athletics and the deservedly excellent reputations of all the college organizations, bequeathed to us by our predecessors.

—The Phi Gamma Delta's held a reception at their chapter house on last Friday evening.

LOVE'S FICKLENESS.

MEN wonder oft the passion strange,
Which we are wont to yecept love,
That tends their reason to derange
And lifts them earthly things above
Should fickle be.

And yet no mystery is there,
Venus, goddess of love and fair
True votaress of passion rare
Sprang from the sea-foam light as air,
The sounding sea.

Love's cradle thus the surging tide
That changes, alternates alway;
To-morrow full—to then subside.
No wonder 'tis that love you say
Should fickle be.

A TRUTHFUL MAN.

THE other day Jack Harwell and myself were sitting in the café at St. James. I was just in the middle of a tale of a hunting experience I had had in the West, when Jack interrupted me and said, "You'll excuse me for saying it Harry, but you're the biggest liar in seven counties." "Jack," said I, "that's positively unkind of you, here I am telling you a true story, and, far from appreciating it, you call me a liar; I don't think I am any more addicted to telling lies than the average man, in fact not so much so. To prove it I'll bet you a supper for six at Delmonico's, and give my word of honor, that I will tell nothing but the absolute truth for two weeks from now."

"Done," said Jack, "but you mustn't make any explanation to anybody, only tell the strict truth, that's all." "Of course," said I, and then we had another and I left him.

When I got home I found the following telegram:—

DEAR HARRY:

Come down and spend a week or so with me.
Can give you some good shooting.

UNCLE SAM.

Now I didn't want to go down to Uncle Sam's place at all. I thought of writing and telling him that pressing business would keep me in New York all Fall, but I really had no

business of any importance whatever and I thought of Jack's bet, so I couldn't do that. Then again I was Uncle Sam's sole heir, and it would never do to offend the old gentleman, so I had to go.

A week later I got off at Parkertown. Uncle Sam was there to meet me. "Well," he said, "I am delighted; aren't you glad to get into the country after the bustle and noise of New York?" "Of course I am," I said, then I thought of Jack's bet; "I mean," I said, "that I'm not very glad Uncle, you see I am very much attached to the city and I don't like to leave it even to come down here."

The old gentleman looked rather hard at me but he didn't say anything. We drove along in silence for some time; it was beastly hot and dusty and the country around was as flat as a board. Finally Uncle said, "Lovely day isn't it? and the scenery, isn't that a magnificent expanse of country, eh?" I was thinking of Jack's bet so I said, "No, I can't agree with you, it is a little too hot for me and I don't like a flat country." Uncle looked as if he had been hit in the face; he pulled himself together and said rather snappishly, "Are you sick?" "No," said I, "I wish I were dead though." "What!" he said; "I say I wish I were dead," I repeated; "Why, what's the matter with you, Jack?" "Nothing," I said. "Humph," he grunted, and we drove in silence the rest of the way.

We got to Uncle's place about supper time, and I was both surprised and delighted to find Kitty Cortland there. Kitty and I had been engaged for nearly a year and I heard from her regularly, but she didn't tell me she was at "The Oaks," that was to be a surprise. "Quite a surprise, eh?" said Uncle. It was indeed and I told him how delighted I was. Things seemed much brighter now.

We all sat down to supper in the best of spirits; Uncle had evidently forgotten my strange manner during our drive. Things progressed smoothly enough and I was perfectly happy till they brought on some

curry; I detest curry. "Ah! Harry my boy," Uncle said, "here's my favorite dish, this Indian curry is simply delicious. Have some?" "No, I thank you," I said. "No?" said Uncle, "why not?" "Well, to tell the truth Uncle, (that beastly word "truth") I don't like curry." "Well," said Uncle, "all right." I could see his feelings were hurt by my rudeness, but what could I do? I couldn't explain, and I couldn't tell a lie, I couldn't do anything. Confound Jack anyhow.

The conversation lagged and soon we all retired to the parlor. Kitty played on the piano and I had almost forgotten about the curry when Uncle said; "I am going out shooting in the morning, Harry; don't you want to go along?" "No," I said, "I would rather stay home with Kitty." The old gentleman relapsed into his chair with a dazed air and said no more, soon leaving the room. But Kitty came over to me and said, "I wish you wouldn't express such a decided preference for my company before the whole family, sir." Kitty was mad, her eyes fairly blazed. "But Kitty," I said, in a soothing way, "you know I would rather be with you than with any one else in the world."

"Well, suppose you would," Kitty cried, "you needn't tell Uncle so, you have been positively rude to him since the minute you came." "But I can't help it," I said. "Can't help it," cried Kitty, "why can't you?" "I can't explain," I said, "I have given my word that I won't." "Given your word that you won't explain, Harry Barnum I believe you are a perfect fool," cried Kitty. "I am," I moaned, "but Kitty I am perfectly miserable, I can't tell you now, but I will in a week, upon my soul I'll do anything then, only please don't think hard of me now."

Kitty looked at me in a mute, bewildered way and then burst out crying and ran up stairs to Uncle and told him that she knew I was insane. I smoked a cigar and then went to bed, swearing at Jack and cursing myself for a fool.

Breakfast was a very glum affair. Everybody looked at me in a pitying sort of a way and I myself felt perfectly miserable. Aunt came down in a hideous breakfast gown; she said, "Harry, don't you like my gown? Its just from New York." "I can't say I do, Aunt," I said desperately, "I don't like red and green." They all looked at me and Aunt shook her head very sorrowfully.

How the day passed I don't know, Uncle went shooting and didn't get a bird, and was in a very bad humor, and Kitty wouldn't speak to me. Finally supper time came. We ate supper in silence. I played a game of billiards with Uncle and he got into a worse humor because I beat him. Later I tried to straighten matters out with Kitty but she was cross and we had some high words and wound up with a frightful row and the engagement was broken off.

I was desperate and decided to leave the next day without getting into more trouble as things were bad enough now.

Next morning Uncle came down looking miserable; probably the tramp of the day before and my actions had something to do with it. Aunt said; "Why Sam, how poorly you look!" "Poorly," cried Uncle, "why I feel like a lark and am the perfect picture of health, ain't I Harry?" Now I knew that Uncle prided himself greatly on his health and was usually a very fine looking old man, but this morning he was pale and had a tired look on his face, so I said: "No, Uncle, I can't say that I think you look very well."

"Confound your impudence, sir; cried Uncle, "you are the most disagreeable person I know, sir, if you can't be more pleasant I think you had better leave us immediately." "By Jove, so I shall," I said. Uncle was in a towering passion and fairly yelled. "What, sir, you tell me that, let me tell you that you are an impertinent coxcomb, sir, I believe I shall disinherit you, sir." This was the last straw, the bet, my word and all were thrown

to the winds; "Uncle," I cried, "listen to me, it isn't fault, I only told the truth and before I came I made a bet that I would tell nothing but the strict truth for two weeks, I—" "A BET!" screamed Uncle, "and for a paltry bet you come to my house and insult your Aunt and myself with your confounded 'truth.' A bet indeed, why damn it, sir, they told me you were crazy and I had some pity for you, but a bet, why by gad, sir, I'll cut you off without a penny, sir, and you can get out of this immediately, sir, immediately, for I will tell James to drive you to the station, sir, and you can pack your traps now, sir," and he strode out of the room red with rage.

* * *

I saw Jack when I got back and we had a grand row and don't speak now. Kitty and I have not made up and Uncle disinherited me entirely.

I have sworn a terrible vow never to tell the truth again and I have kept it.

THE CONDEMNED.

THE slow hours fly like phantoms by,
 On sombre, silent wing;
 Thro' the long lone night the death-watch light,
 Its feeble gleamings fling
 Across the dim cell, and the sentinel
 Shadows softly swing.
 With head low bowed, still as a shroud—
 Not like a living thing,—
 In cold despair, the prisoner there,
 Stares unaltering.
 The dull morn breaks, then soft awakes
 The distant matin's ring;
 The vain spent might of the candle light,
 'Gainst the gray dawn struggling,
 Seems in the gloom of the silent room,
 His soul's grim wrestling.

THE GOSSIP.

CHANCING to pass Christmas Hall toward twenty o'clock one Monday evening not long since and observing an unusual illumination in the region of the Assembly Room, the unruffled green-light silence indicating no danger of the choir, The Gossip was

moved to enter and investigate. The room looked cheerful and bright enough, as city temperance halls do when they want to draw, and doubtless a large crowd was expected. Up by the platform two or three Seniors were just putting on their coats, and presently one moved to adjourn, which was speedily acted upon. The Gossip was not a little curious regarding these unusual proceedings. This curiosity was soon satisfied—he had stumbled upon a meeting of the Engineering Society. The lights were put out and the doors closed but he lingered a moment reflecting upon the sudden decline of this society, only last year so prosperous. It was indeed puzzling. What had become of the interest and enthusiasm that then made its meetings so successful? Where were the Juniors and Sophomores—the new members, and what had become of the old? Evidently the executive officers of the Society were not making a great success of their administration. Although loath to conclude them altogether responsible for this state of things, The Gossip could not but reflect that no systematic efforts had been made to enlist active membership and arouse interest among the lower classes, and that little earnest work had been done toward maintaining the Society. With the unpleasant conclusion that the Engineering Society was being not so well conducted this year as usual, The Gossip, groped his way down the dark stairs with a wary eye for lurking dynamos and the like, and out into the night.

* * *

The Gossip is sorry to learn that in all probability the Mustard and Cheese will not give its usual dramatic entertainment this Winter. Remembering the former ones with such pleasure, he is loath to believe they will have no successors. Of course one break in the chain does not necessarily involve two, three and so on indefinitely, but still The Gossip has had enough experience in such matters to know that it is much easier to

revive a dying society, than to create its successor when it is dead. And unless some young blood is speedily infused into it, our old friend the Mustard and Cheese will be of the past. The Gossip is confident that there must be among his fellow students, those able to take up the mantle, which has fallen from the shoulders of "Poor Pillicoddy," "Mr. Bultitude" and "Dick," and introduce to us new characters worthy to be classed with these. He hopes their innate modesty will not prevent them from coming forward and joining the Mustard and Cheese.

* * *

The Gossip ventures a suggestion to the Alumni regarding the propriety of maintaining more intimate and friendly relations with their Alma Mater. Because comparatively few and widely scattered seems scarcely adequate reason for the complete severance of all the traditional ties of kinship and affection the years of college life are supposed to foster. And it is a cold rebuff to the sentimental concept of Alma Mater that a man will take the deed of her gifts under his arm and depart, completely forgetful of all the stirring emotions of his tender years, when perchance, at a strategically won feast, he touchingly responded to the time worn toast, "Our Alma Mater."

Doubtless the few loyal ones who return each year to the festal boards in Christmas Hall, find their speeches there not quite so broken and emotional. At least so The Gossip was led to conclude from divers casual glimpses of those festal boards. So little was ever in sight one might have imagined it a feast of the gods or of a water-cure establishment.

It is not that the the Alumni have not always evinced a warm and generous interest in college affairs. They have contributed large sums to the furtherance of athletic interests, besides establishing a generous scholarship and giving liberal prizes. But it is the lack of that personal communicativeness on the part of the individual alumnus which The Gossip

suggests is most desirable, and of which THE BURR is ever a willing medium.

* * *

Although the term has just begun, it has come to the ears of The Gossip that there has been trouble in one of the drawing rooms, arising from the development of a large number of "fiends" in the Freshman Class. The Gossip has often thought the average "fiend" was a much abused individual. He is usually one who has come to college with the determination of learning as much as he possibly can during his four years stay, and with that end in view he spends all his spare time in the drawing room or laboratory, as the case may be. For this conduct he runs the risk of incurring the animosity of his fellows. Now The Gossip is of the opinion that this state of things is manifestly unfair to the "fiend," and if any one should ask him who is to blame he would answer that it is those in charge of the various drawing rooms, who do not have it clearly understood at the beginning of the term just the amount of work that will be required. He leaves out all reference to the laboratory advisedly, for there all the work is laid out and the "fiend" does not bother any one. In the drawing rooms, on the contrary, the student has so often been compelled to work over hours to complete his work, the amount of which was based on the "fiend's" performances, that he naturally dislikes those who by their actions are putting new burdens upon him. The Gossip thinks it is plain to every one that a rigidly adhered to announcement of a definite amount of work to be done would remedy the whole difficulty and would give rest to the "fiend."

* * *

Last week happening into that irrepressible chatter-box, Jim's room, The Gossip overheard an amusing bit of "stable talk." It was as usual about a balky horse, whose rider, a jockey it seems of no little fame, is said to have entered his ponies in all the important "meets" since the days of Mr. Rice. As the

majority of The Gossip's friends are probably not well posted in equestrian news and tactics, it is submitted for their benefit, savoring, as it does, so much of the times when the great rider Mr. C— successfully straddled five lively ponies at once, or again when in a famous "hurdle" his "horse" took wings unto himself like Pegasus and flew out of Mr. M—'s window amid the smothered applause of the spectators, that he cannot forbear the incident. The jockey in question, after searching all his pockets in vain for the Proctor Knott, and exhibiting unmistakable desire to establish friendly communication with any conscienceless individual present, of whom needless to say there were none, turned finally to the instructor and said, "Mr. L—, I can't find the clue to this problem."

DIED.

At El Paso, Texas, on the 11th of January, 1890, of consumption, FRANCIS DUNCAN CAMPBELL, formerly of the class of 'Eighty-nine.

His funeral occurred from his home in Kansas City. Mr. Campbell left college in his junior year, and went West for his health.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column. No anonymous communications published.]

EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—Some time ago an attempt was made to organize a co-operative eating club, by means of which the student would be enabled to obtain good board at reasonable rates. The scheme has failed, temporarily at least, because of the inability of the promoters to raise the capital necessary to establish the club on a firm basis. When we consider the quality of the food furnished by the average South Bethlehem landlady and the high price charged for it, we at once realize the advantages of a club like the one proposed, and cannot but regret that the attempt has not succeeded.

Those who hesitate to invest any money in the enterprise through lack of confidence in

the outcome, should be encouraged by the success which has attended co-operative societies in the various colleges. It is true that most of such associations have been along the line of bookstores, and the food question has been left untouched. Still the principle is the same throughout, and a very good principle it has proved itself to be.

To ensure the success of the society here, all that is required is, that some one of good executive ability, preferably a student, should be at its head. Such a person possessed of sound judgment and common sense would not fail to secure to the shareholders a snug return on their investment. Some one has said there never was a place waiting to be filled but that there was also a man especially suited for it. The place is ready. Where is the man?

PABULUM.

EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—We have lately been informed that the rule excusing members of the Agora from Essays and Declamations has been abolished. This rule was made by Dr. Coppée last year, and the members of the Agora have so abused the privilege thus granted them that it has been found advisable to repeal it.

This conduct on the part of the members of the Society is certainly a very poor manifestation of literary spirit, and a thing which is highly discreditable to them.

The members of the Agora have certainly not done their duty. Meetings were held semi-annually last term, but they were always poorly attended, and those appointed for exercises were always either absent or unprepared. When the rule was made it was, undoubtedly, intended that the meetings should take the place of the regular hours for declamation, and they should have been thus regarded, they were not, however, and we see the result. Evidently it was not known that a literary society is as much an essential part of a literary course as the recitations in the subjects prescribed, and that without such a society we may not

hope to turn out men thoroughly cultivated and generally informed.

Even though the Agora no longer excuses the Sophomores and Freshmen from English work, let not this cause its death, but let every true college-spirited man do his duty in this direction, and thus place among the students, organizations of Lehigh a strong, active literary society. M.

FOOT-BALL STATEMENT.

RECEIPTS.

Subscriptions,	-	-	-	\$ 464 50
Gate receipts,	-	-	-	1,081 39
Guarantees, -	-	-	-	517 00
Sundries,	-	-	-	108 69
				\$2,171 58

EXPENDITURES.

Traveling expenses,	-	-	-	\$ 999 56
Guarantees, -	-	-	-	280 00
Uniforms, etc., -	-	-	-	301 15
Advertising, -	-	-	-	56 25
Sundries, -	-	-	-	231 38
				\$1,868 34

Balance,	-	-	-	\$ 303 24
				J. B. CULLUM, Manager.

DE ALUMNIS.

[Contributions to this Department are solicited.]

'87.—H. A. J. Wilkins, B.S., E.M., has spent the past year studying metallurgy in Freiburg, Germany. He is now in this country.

'87.—M. D. Pratt, C.E., is engaged at present in the construction of an electric railroad at Dubuque, Ia.

'88.—George P. Dravo, M.E., is with Frazer & Chalmer's machine shops, Chicago, Ill.

'88.—John J. Clarke, M.E., is with the Fall Brook Coal Co., Corning, N. Y.

'89.—H. M. Carson, M.E., is in the motive power department of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Altoona.

'89.—J. T. Morrow, M.E., is with the Edison Manufacturing Co., N. Y.

'89.—J. J. Martin, C.E., is in the City Engineer's office, Plainfield, N. J.

'89.—C. W. Moffett, M.E., has left the employ of the Pond Manufacturing Co. at Plainfield, N. J.

'89.—Augustus T. Throop, C.E., will, for the winter, be with the Albion Water Works Co., Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y.

'89.—Harry R. Woodall, B.S., is President of the Telluride Electric Light and Power Co., Telluride, San Miguel Co., Col.

'89.—J. J. Lincoln, C.E., topographer in the United States Geological Survey, has returned from Fort Worth, Tex., and for the winter will be in the office of the Survey at Washington.

CALENDAR.

February 7,	-	-	University Guild.
February 10,	-	-	Engineering Society.
February 10,	-	-	Chemical Society.
February 15,	-	-	Musical Entertainment.

KERNELS.

—Diven, '87, visit here between trains, two weeks ago.

—J. W. Peale, '83, visited his friends here last week.

—All those wishing pictures of the Foot-Ball team can obtain them from Hutchinson, '93.

—The Natural Science Society has secured a room in Christmas Hall and intends to fit it up.

—Manager Cullum will present the Gymnasium with a photograph of the '89 foot-ball team.

—C. C. Tomkinson, '90, has been elected by the lacrosse team, manager for the coming season.

—THE BURR has received official notification of the award of a diploma for the exhibit at the Paris Exposition.

—The item of a thousand dollars from gate receipts, in the report of Manager Cullum shows how well the college supported foot-ball last season.

The Banjo and Guitar Club has secured the services of Mr. Bane, of Waynesburg, Pa., to assist them in preparing for the entertainment on the 15th.

—In answer to numerous inquiries: The prizes to be awarded at Easter by THE BURR will include a prize of five dollars for the best original drawing.

—The Junior Mechanicals and Electricals will make a visit to New York in a short time, while the Senior Civils are promised a trip to Niagara Falls.

—The class in Steam Engine recite to Prof. Klein instead of to Mr. Breckenridge as was formerly the custom. In place of Rigg's Treatise, a smaller work of Holmes is studied.

—Numbers 11 and 13 of Volume VII are needed to complete the file of THE BURR. Anyone having these numbers will confer a favor by sending them to us.

—The University Guild met on Sunday evening, January 26, in Christmas Hall. It was decided to hold evening services in Lent, to be followed by a short discussion on a subject announced beforehand.

—Butterworth, Rogers and Moffett, '89, were in Bethlehem for several days during the latter part of January. Butterworth has recently returned from the Paris Exposition, where he acted as assistant superintendent of the United States Machinery Exhibit.

—After Chapel on Monday, January 27, Dr. Lamberton announced to the Junior Class that only three orations had been handed in for the Junior Oratorical Contest, and that unless more were received before February 1, the contest would probably not occur.

—The Glee Club has begun regular practice and expects to join with Banjo and Guitar Club in giving a musical entertainment on February 15. It is however badly handicapped by its small numbers, and it may be obliged to fill some of the vacant places with town men.

—At the meeting of the Classical Club

held Saturday, January 25, the officers were elected for the term: President, Prof. Robinson; Vice President, Shimer, '91; Secretary, Kramer, '92. Papers were read by Shimer, '91, on "Persius as a Modern Author," by Topping, '91, on "The Metaphors of Persius," and by Kramer, '92, on the "Life and Work of Themistocles."

—The University Orchestra has organized for the season and meets regularly for practice under the leadership of Gibbs, '91. Its members are, First Violin, Simpson, '92, Beaumont, '91; Second Violins, Landis, '90, Loeb, '93; Violoncello, Wilson, '93; Piano, Zimmerman, '91; Trombone, Goodman, '90; Cornets, Smith, '93, Jones, '93; Clarinet, Gibbs, '91.

—At a meeting of the Senior Class, held January 23, the following Class Day officers were elected: Toastmaster, H. J. Sherman; Presentation, F. R. Fisher; Poet, T. C. J. Bailey, Jr.; Prophet, W. P. Cleveland; Ivy Orator, W. C. Riddick; Tablet Orator, C. E. Fink; Committee on Class day, J. B. Cullum, H. M. Kurtz, F. R. Coates, W. V. Kulp, F. R. Barrett.

—Captain Biggs has announced that those who do not train regularly in the Gymnasium will be considered ineligible for positions on the base ball team. The following men are in training: McClung, Warriner, Robinson, C. Walker, Dashiell, Downey, Masser, Woodcock, Simpson, Hutchinson, Gearhart, Throckmorton, Richardson, Grant, Belfield, Graham, Smith, Curtis, Sawtelle and Randolph.

—The Winter Meeting will take place on Saturday, March 1. First and second prizes will be awarded and a banner will be given to the class winning the most points. The prizes and banner will be on exhibition two weeks before the meeting. The events will include swinging rings, fence vault, spring board jump, tumbling, parallel bars, running high kick, horizontal bar, standing high jump, fencing, running high jump, broadsword, wrestling, boxing, throwing shot, pole vault, and a tug-of-war.

EDITORS' TABLE.

AS the out-of-door months approach general interest in athletic sports of all varieties begins to revive. The men training for the teams of course realize and anticipate the advent of a new season long before many of the rest of us. It is to be hoped at the same time that they awaken to the realization of what the college expects of them and form the determination that no one shall be disappointed in their hopes for glorious success. Notwithstanding the failures of our base ball seasons in the past, a new year finds us starting in as enthusiastically as ever before. The last issue of the *Bowdoin Orient* contains a timely article on base-ball practice, in which is expressed the opinions of a well known base-ball pitcher upon this important matter. "The system of permitting pitchers to toss balls to men in practice is a bad one and is, in my opinion, worse than no practice at all. If I were training a nine I would make it *all work*. When my pitchers face a batsman I would have them do their best to keep him from making a hit. I would have them use every art they possess to deceive him—speed, curves, change of pace, everything possible. Such, in my opinion, is the only practice that can prove of real value either to battery-men or batsmen.

"The custom of throwing balls in practice for the men to hit is demoralizing to a nine. It begets a spirit of false confidence among the batsmen, which gives way to utter lack of confidence when they come to the real contests of the diamond. Such practice is even more demoralizing to battery-men, for it deprives them of the experience in 'working' batsmen which is essential to their highest success.

"For fielding practice let some one knock to the men, and let them drive every ball as hot and sharp from the bat as it would come in a real contest. Every kind of a ball should be knocked. Every possible emergency should be imagined and guarded against, so that the team will be ready for the cool headed and

rapid solution of any problem of play that could possibly arise in a game."

The Brunonian brings the following:

A LASS.

When I a Freshman was, ah me !
How very long ago it seems ;
Or e'en a jolly Sophomore
With all his themes,
'Twas lessons then that filled my dreams
Alas !

But since those busy days are o'er,
And Junior honors I attain,
Assimilating history
With might and main,
What is it now that turns my brain ?
A lass !

And now it is reported that Brown is considering the feasibility of introducing coëducation within its borders.

—But little affected by the gyrations of the "pig skin" or the eccentric difficulties of Stagg's curves, Harvard College moves onward with an unfluctuating progress and dignity that must awaken all admiration in spite of traditional feud and rivalry. Probably the most interesting thing in the annual catalogue is the statement of the scholarships. These now amount to very nearly \$30,000 per annum and average upwards of \$250.

A few years ago, wandering one Summer evening shortly after Commencement on the Cambridge campus, the writer addressed a casual inquiry to a head visible in a second story window of one of the old dormitories. The reply was ready and courteous, and in the talk that followed he heard such an eloquent eulogy upon Harvard and her advantages that for the moment he half lost his satisfaction in being a Lehigh Freshman. There was one remark this catalogue recalls: "At no college in the country can a man get an education so inexpensively as here. This year [it was 1886] over \$20,000 in money has been distributed among our students in the way of scholarships."

COLLEGE NOTES.

—Wellesley College has limited the number of students to 640 for the present.

—An Intercollegiate Oratorical Association is being advocated in Southern colleges.

—Vassar has received \$6,000 from ex-President Kendrick of that institution.

—More than 70,000 students are now attending American colleges or universities.

—Brown University recently received a bequest of \$10,000 for the purchase of books on American history.

—The question of compulsory or voluntary chapel attendance is arousing discussion at the University of Pennsylvania.

—Three hundred thousand dollars has recently been given for the founding of a university at Nankin, China.

—Hon. Seth Low was inaugurated as President of Columbia, at the Metropolitan Opera House on February 4th.

—Swarthmore College has abolished the preparatory department, but has a class lower than Freshmen, known as sub-collegiate.

—The Yale Library has received a gift of \$10,000, by the will of the late George Gabriel, and the Divinity School \$5,000 from the same source.

—The Yale Alumni Association of Brooklyn held its annual reunion on Monday, Feb. 3. Hon. J. D. Brewer, the new Justice of the Supreme Court was present.

—Tufts College has made this change in the requirement for the degree of A.B. that the requirement for admission in either French or German be made equivalent to that in Greek at present.

—University of Pennsylvania library building is fast approaching completion, and bids fair to surpass all buildings of the kind in the United States. The foundation and first story are of red stone and above the walls are of red brick and terra-cotta.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

—J. P. Lee, of Harvard, will train for the broad jump for the Mott Haven games.

—Stevens' Institute has decided to put both base ball and lacrosse teams in the field this Spring.

—An effort is being made at Harvard to revive the interest in lacrosse, and to organize a team.

—The Cornell Foot-Ball Association is in debt \$700. It cost \$3,000 to run the eleven last season.

—While Stagg was in Cleveland with the Glee Club, he obtained \$5,000 for the fund for the Yale Gymnasium.

—Harvard has withdrawn from the Inter-collegiate Base Ball League owing to the adoption lately of the rule that she can enter no contests outside New England.

—The new cage to be erected by the University of Pennsylvania will be of corrugated iron on a wooden frame, 100 feet wide by 200 long, with fifteen large wire covered windows.

—There are 42 candidates for the Cornell Freshman crew, 12 of whom have rowed before. The average age of the candidates is 20, their average height 5 feet 10 inches, and their average weight 150.

—There are 14 candidates for the University of Pennsylvania crew, five of whom rowed on last year's crew. Davenport and Fair, two of the best men who rowed last year, refuse to row. Fourteen men are also training for the Freshmen crew.

—The indoor meeting of the Athletic Association of the University of Pennsylvania, February 1, was the most successful ever held. A large number of the best known amateurs took part, including twelve men from the Manhattan Athletic Club and several from Staten Island and New York Clubs. Princeton entered a strong tug-of-war team—easily pulling U. P. and Swarthmore.

HARVARD CATALOGUE.

THE Harvard catalogue for 1890 has been issued, and shows an enrollment of 1271 students in the College. There are, 278 Seniors, 244 Juniors, 282 Sophomores and 323 Freshmen, 144 Special students. The total number of students in the University is 2,079, and the whole number of professors and instructors is 217. The following table of expenses is of special interest:

	Low.	Moderate.	Liberal.	Very Liberal.
Tuition, - -	\$150	\$150	\$150	\$150
Books, stationery, -	25	35	45	61
Room, - -	22	50	100	175
Furniture, - -	10	15	25	50
Board, - -	115	152	152	304
Fuel and light, -	11	15	30	45
Societies, subscription sports, -			35	50
Servant, - -				25
Sundries, - -	40	55	85	150
Total, - -	\$372	\$472	\$622	\$1010

The Scholarships which may be assigned to undergraduates, number 125, yielding in the aggregate \$29,590. The annual income of the scholarships varies from ninety to three hundred dollars, the average amount being about two hundred and fifty dollars.

CLIPPINGS.

THE dying embers faintly glow
 And ghostly shadows flit
 Around my chamber where alone
 And desolate I sit.
 The wintry winds around the eaves
 With mournful voices wail,
 And from the beach the crash of surf
 Is borne upon the gale.
 But spite of driving sleet and hail,
 I gaze on visions bright;
 For memory's book has open'd to me
 Its fairest page to-night,
 And sweet, long banished thoughts of love
 This stormy night are mine,
 As mid the flickering firelight,
 I dream of Auld Lang Syne. —Tech.

WHAT GLADYS SAID.

SAID Gladys, with a smile of bright disdain
 (The season is her first; she knows not yet
 The sweet and bitter uses of her reign,
 The perils in her frowns and dimples set),—

Said Gladys (and I heard her little foot
 Beat its impatience on the favored ground,
 The while I longed to button up that boot
 With kisses from its toe to ankle round),—
 Said Gladys (and I listened, who would not?
 Watching those lips that might a saint beguile)—
 What did she say? Really, I can't tell what
 I'm only certain that I saw her smile. —Tech.

THE REASON.

MY lover never smiles on me,
 Nor ardent words of love I hear,
 He never comes a wooing me—
 My lover loves me not, I fear,
 And though he coolly passes me
 Without a word, I do not mind;
 Fact is, *dictu mirabile*,
 I have my lover yet to find. —Dartmouth.

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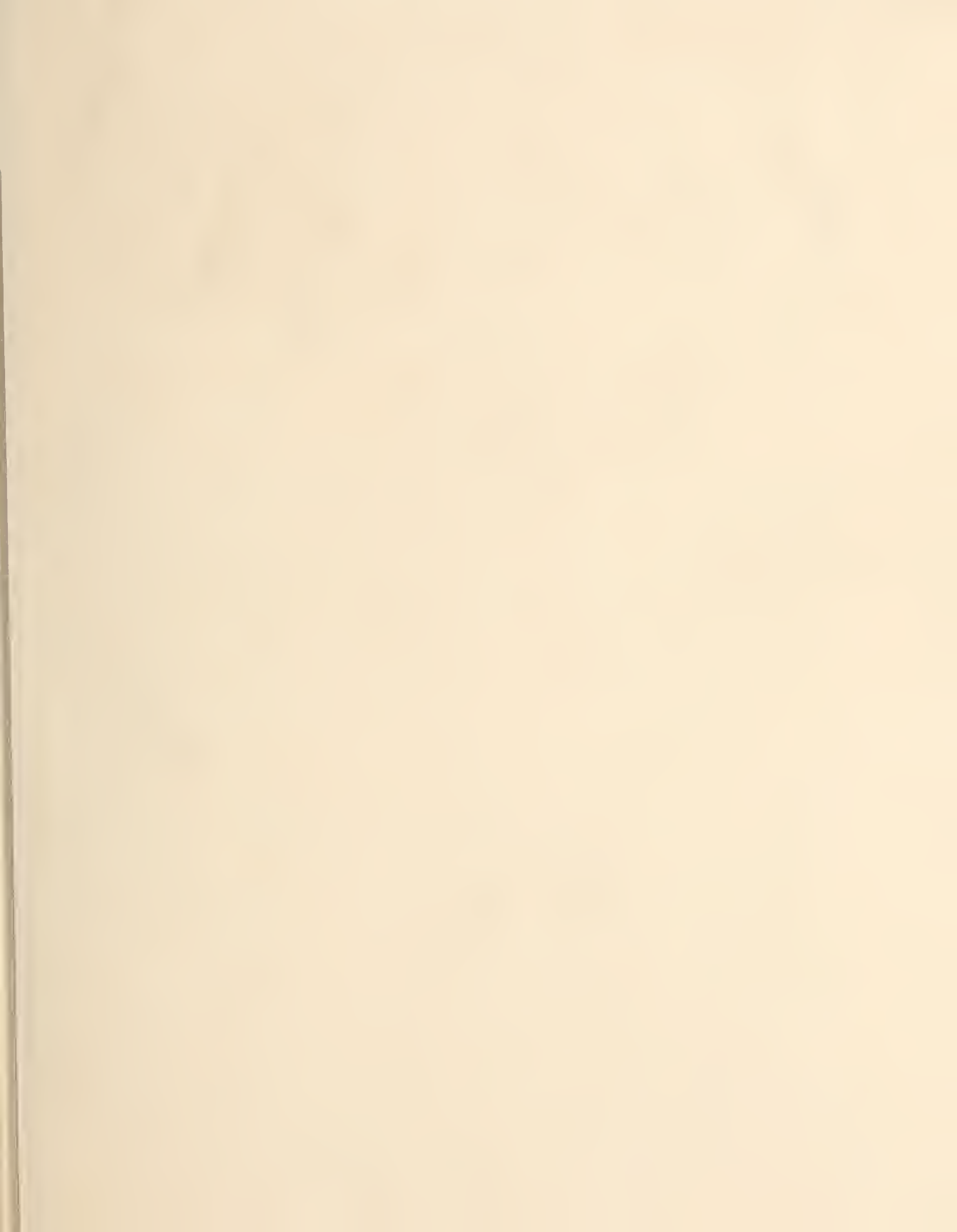
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